MOTHER EARTH

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SAN DIEGO EDITION

By Courtesy of the Warheit

PATRIOTISM IN ACTION

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Vol. VII **JUNE, 1912** **No. 4**

THE COSSACK RÉGIME IN SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO illustrates the methods capitalism is prepared to resort to in its war against labor. The account we hereby publish should prove a valuable lesson to the American proletariat in the struggle for emancipation.

The following illustrations of American freedom of speech, the recitals of ruthless murder and unspeakable outrages perpetrated against the workers, are taken partly from the BULLETIN published in San Diego to acquaint the world with the infamous capitalist tactics, and chiefly from the report of Colonel H. Weinstock, the Special Commissioner appointed by the Governor of California to investigate the situation in San Diego.

THE SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH

The campaign carried on by the police and detective forces of San Diego, abetted by a Vigilance Committee and the Merchants' Association, was an effort to drive from the city every person who so much as expressed the slightest sympathy for the workers in their contention for the right of free speech in that locality.

In pursuance of that campaign, the City Council of San Diego passed an ordinance in January of 1912, designating a certain part of the city as a district in which speaking on the streets was prohibited.

This ordinance the labor forces refused to respect, because it was plainly a violation of the fundamental law of the United States and of the State of California. It was an attempt arbitrarily to deprive the workingmen of their right of free speech and assembly.

The workers had no confidence in the courts. Nor were they financially equipped to do legal battle with the unified capitalist forces before the capitalist tribunals. They had nothing but their bodies to offer as a sacrifice in this struggle for their rights. In this fight their opportunity lay in refusal to obey the ordinances, go to jail by hundreds, if need be, demand separate jury trials, and thus clog the wheels of government and heap expense upon the capitalist opponents until they would be forced to grant the Constitutional demands and rights of the workingmen. As all other channels were closed, they would reach the capitalists through their pocketbooks. Accordingly a protest parade was organized, and was participated in by the Socialists, the trade unions, and the I. W. W.

When the ordinance went into effect, the opposition disregarded it, and continued with their speaking at the old stand. Arrests followed rapidly, until the city jail was flooded and jammed by occupants; likewise the county jail, and some sixty prisoners had been lodged in the prisons of adjacent counties.

No resistance was ever offered by any person to these arrests, nor was any sort of weapon ever found upon the person of one of the opponents of the law's enforcement, though hundreds were searched. Their conduct was an example of passive resistance crystalized.

VIGILANTE COMMITTEE

A great mass of evidence was submitted to your Commissioner, including forty-three sworn affidavits to the effect that members of the I. W. W., their sympathizers and others, had, within the last thirty days, been arrested by the city police, either on the streets or in the headquarters of the I. W. W., and without being charged with a violation of law, and many of them without being guilty of a violation of

the law, had been taken out of the city, either by autos, auto trucks or railroad trains, for a distance of twenty-two miles and there subjected to an inhuman, brutal beating by a body of men, part of whom were police officers, part constables and part private citizens.

Many of these alleged victims appeared in person before your Commissioner, some of them having been brought back from Los Angeles, whence they were driven, and related horrifying tales of the indignities, the brutalities and the inhumanities to which they were subjected. Among the worst cases testified to were those of Julius Tum, Thomas Kilcullen, Joseph Marco, John Wallace and others.

WALLACE'S EXPERIENCE

The experience of John Wallace with the so-called vigilantes is characteristic of most of the stories, depicting, as it does, a tale of the vigilantes of half a century ago.

Wallace, among others, was arrested in the I. W. W. headquarters, where he had gone in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, to spend a leisure hour in reading. The place was raided by three plain-clothes men. He, in common with the others in the hall, was taken to police headquarters, searched and questioned at length, but no charge was placed against him. That same night, according to his statement, between 9 and 10 o'clock, he, with fourteen others, was taken out of the jail (by whom he does not say) and loaded on to an auto truck, driven about eighteen miles to Sorrento, at the city limits. One police officer, he declares, accompanied the auto truck. He was in plain clothes.

Arriving at Sorrento, fifteen to sixteen autos were found lined up along the road, with lights burning low. There were between sixty and seventy-five men there, some with lanterns, while others openly displayed revolvers, knives, nightsticks, blackjacks and blacksnakes. None wore disguises. The insignia of the order, or band, was a white handkerchief, tied at the elbow of the right arm, probably worn for the

purpose of distinguishing the so-called vigilantes from the I. W. W.

In front of a small building a flagpole had been erected, while at its base were arranged drygoods boxes in the form of a platform. Wallace was compelled to mount the platform, and kneel and kiss the flag. As an incentive, to quicken action, he was "slapped" over the head and that, he says, was the signal for the general clubbing of his companions. Ten minutes that continued, Wallace declared, and then the I. W. W.'s were formed in single file and told to march. As they marched ahead, now and then one would make a break for liberty, and Wallace, as he testified, was fired at four times. Being captured, he was told to sing the American national anthem, and when, as he says, he forgot the tune, he was pounded until he remembered it, which he did. After that the so-called vigilantes again loaded the men into autos and transported them to San Onofre, near the county line, placed them in a cattle pen with three armed guards set over them, where again, according to Wallace, they were repeatedly slugged and beaten.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock of the following morning, without having tasted food or drink for over eighteen hours, they were taken out in groups of five and compelled to run the gauntlet. As they ran between a double line of the so-called vigilantes, the story runs, they were belabored with clubs and blacksnakes. Then the flag-kissing episode was repeated, after which they were told to "hike" up the track for Los Angeles and never come back. They reached Los Angeles after a tramp of several days, sore, hungry, practically penniless and in deplorable physical condition.

TYRANNY OF RUSSIA OUTDONE IN FREE AMERICA

The sacred rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed under the constitution, were trampled under foot by men who, in the name of law and order, as an alleged vigilantes committee, proved themselves to be the bitterest enemies of law and order. Your Commissioner has visited Russia, and while there has heard many horrible tales of high-handed proceedings and outrageous treatment of inno-

cent people at the hands of the despotic, tyrannic Russia. Your Commissioner is frank to confess that when he became satisfied of the truth of the stories, as related by these unfortunate men, it was hard for him to believe that he still was not sojourning in Russia, conducting his investigations there, instead of in this alleged "home of the brave and land of the free." Surely, these American men, who, as the overwhelming evidence shows in large numbers, assaulted with weapons in a most cowardly and brutal manner their helpless and defenseless fellows, were far from "brave" and their victims far from "free."

THE MURDER OF MICHAEL HOEY

Then comes the case of Michael Hoey, a member of the I. W. W., who was arrested and jailed by the police. Hoey was alleged to have been a man of about sixty-five. Several inmates of the jail testified that he had made the statement that he had been kicked in the groin by a policeman and seriously ruptured, and that he had been unable to obtain proper medical treatment while he was in jail. Subsequently, he was transferred by the authorities to the hospital, where, after a few days' interval, he died. A coroner's inquest was held over the body, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict that *death was caused by tuberculosis of the lungs and valvular disease of the heart.*

JOSEPH MIKOLASEK

Joseph Mikolasek was murdered on Tuesday, May 7th, by the police of San Diego.

As part of the tragic struggle between the privileged and the disinherited, which has invaded all the world, we have to record the death and funeral of Joseph Mikolasek, who perished in San Diego as the result of a conflict with the police. The latter declare he was the aggressor, but those who should be in a position to know maintain stoutly that the police raided the house in which he lived, that an officer fired and wounded him and that the resistance he offered was in self-defense. His own dying statement was to that effect, and no one can read the accounts of what has been transpiring in San Diego without recognizing

that the armed police have fallen habitually on the unarmed worker as the wolf falls on the lamb. Yet this is a country that has taken as its motto: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

What appears certain is that Mikolasek had attempted to speak in the open air that night, that he had been assaulted and beaten by the police, that he had dragged himself with difficulty to the Socialist Party headquarters and thence home, whither he had been followed by the police. The authorities make a great point of the fact that Mikolasek armed himself with an ax. By what right do they instruct their agents to resort to violence on the slightest pretext, while expecting the worker to confine himself eternally to that passive resistance at which they themselves contemptuously scoff?*

POLICE BESTIALITY

The stories told by those who were in the "sweat box" at the city jail are enough to make one's blood boil. The men were assaulted and kept all day without food.

Among those arrested was Robert L. St. John, President of the Electrical Workers' Union here. St. John, who has been active as an A. F. of L. man, was forcibly seized by vigilantes armed with shotguns, while he was figuring on a contract at Eighth and I streets. The vigilantes forced him into their waiting automobile and took him to the police station. On the way there, he was kicked and cuffed by the vigilantes. On arriving at the police headquarters he was knocked down and kicked and called vile names in the office of Captain of Detectives, Joe Myers. He was thrown bodily into the "sweat box," or detention room, by Detective Joe Lopez, who struck him at the same time. A minute later he was called out by Lopez into the chief's office with the following choice language, "Come out here, you g—— d—— red-headed s—— b—— or we'll kick your g—— d—— brains out." This is a sample of the language that is used by the entire police force of San Diego to Socialist and labor

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* Wm. C. Owen in *Regeneracion.*

men. St. John was held for several hours and then released. The police say they arrested him because he had a name similar to Vincent St. John, General Secretary of the I. W. W.

Another prominent A. F. of L. man who was arrested was A. J. Van Bebber, Secretary and Business Agent of the Cooks, Waitresses and Waiters' Union. The headquarters of the Union was raided by vigilantes or police, and when Van Bebber appeared in the morning he was immediately arrested. He was subjected to every form of insult and even assaulted while under the control of the police department. It is said that the Local Union immediately telegraphed to the International body to aid them.

G. E. Fitzgerald, the well-known Business Agent of Carpenters' Union No. 810, was arrested while eating dinner in a local restaurant, by two vigilantes, who were also special policemen. They had no warrant, but he was forced to leave his dinner and go to the police station. Several vigilance committee men hurled questions at him while he was at the station and all manner of insulting remarks were made.

They attempted to goad him into fighting, so that they might have had an excuse to shoot him and permanently injure him or perhaps kill him, but Fitzgerald refused to be moved by their insults and the vile names which he was called. J. M. Porter, one of the vigilantes, who is also a building contractor and real estate speculator, was most active against Fitzgerald. Porter runs a scab building firm, and Fitzgerald has been active in organizing Porter's employees. This has enraged Porter and the vigilantes, who are mostly all members of the Local "M. & M." and the "Master Builders' Exchange." While in the police station Porter, livid with rage, shook his fist in Fitzgerald's face and, with vile oaths, said that he would shoot him if he ever again attempted to organize his men. This goes to show that the real fight is an economic one and it is only superficially a "Free Speech fight." It is the beginning of that long threatened war of the Pacific Coast Merchants and Manufacturers Association against all forms of organized labor.

Another instance of brutality was when Policeman Hathaway, known among the prisoners as "Motorcycle Beast No. 26," struck a young boy a terrible blow in the face, when the boy asked for something to eat. The prisoners were absolutely at the mercy of the officers, who were all armed.

Absolutely no one is safe from these outrages, if he is known to be in sympathy with the working class and their efforts to organize for better conditions.

STORY OF JULIUS TUM

I desire to call the especial attention of Your Excellency to the detailed story of Julius Tum, a young German tailor. This is a particularly pathetic case and deserves special consideration. Tum is not a member of the I. W. W.; is not a Socialist. He is a member of the Tailors' Union, and in this wise is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. According to his statement, made in person before me, he came to San Diego some time ago in search of employment at his trade. He finally succeeded in getting work at a prominent tailoring establishment in San Diego city.

This poor, inoffensive and harmless young man, if but half the story he tells be true, for having committed no offense other than out of curiosity dropping into the I. W. W. headquarters to get for his information some of its literature, was taken in charge by the police and put under duress. He underwent the almost unbelievable experience hereinbefore related by John Wallace, only in a more extreme degree. In addition to all of which, he suffered the added indignity of being subjected at the hands of the police to handcuffs, as if he were a convicted felon.

Your Commissioner, after seeing and talking with this man, listening to his story, giving him an exhaustive cross-examination, verifying his statement as to having been employed in the city, became thoroughly satisfied that he spoke the truth without any attempt at exaggeration on his part.

This poor German lad, Julius Tum, during his brutal experience, could far more easily imagine himself in the hands of the Russian Cossacks than in the

hands of supposedly liberty-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing American citizens. Local newspaper editorials, to which I shall refer later in this report, and resolutions adopted by local commercial bodies, have encouraged and applauded the acts of these so-called vigilantes.

ACTS ARE INDORSED

These indorsements of the acts of the so-called vigilantes committee were emphasized by some of the leading local daily newspapers, as follows: On March 5, 1912, the San Diego *Tribune*, in an editorial headed "Law Breakers Are Protected by the Laws," among other things, says:

"Why are the taxpayers of San Diego compelled to endure this imposition? Simply because the law which these lawbreakers flout prevents the citizens of San Diego from taking the impudent outlaws away from the police and hanging them or shooting them. This method of dealing with the evil that has fastened itself on San Diego would end the trouble in half an hour. Possible when the 'move-on' ordinance is enforced there will be no necessity to jail the Industrial Workers of the World; and when these resort to crimes of violence, as is obviously their intention when enough of them have 'arrived,' as their orators have threatened, the citizens will be permitted to take the law into their own hands, which will be bad for the Industrial Workers of the World and permanently good for San Diego."

* * *

In an editorial in the San Diego *Union*, April 7, 1912, entitled, "San Diego's Right to Protect Itself," is found, among other things, the following:

"The critics (of San Diego) are presumably not aware that in the organic law of the State of California is found warrant for precisely what has been done to safeguard this city; and second, that the censure is bestowed in utter ignorance of the conditions here which created that dire necessity that renders self-protection the supreme law. . . . In the absence of legal machinery for dealing with so anomalous a situation, citizens of San Diego fell back upon their

'inalienable rights' under the State constitution to protect themselves. They have deported many an Anarchist from the city and turned back many who sought to come here. There is every reason to believe that this plan of averting a deadly menace will be continued as long as may be deemed necessary for the safety of the community. If this action be lawlessness, make the most of it."

In an editorial in the San Diego *Tribune* of March 4, 1912, under the title, "Raising Vagrants to the Dignity of Great Criminals," appears, among other things, the following:

"Hanging is none too good for them (meaning the I. W. W.'s) and they would be much better dead; for they are absolutely useless in the human economy; they are the waste material of creation and should be drained off into the sewer of oblivion, there to rot in cold oblivion like any other excrement."

* * *

It was a new and serious problem for the people of San Diego; one without precedent and one for which they were not in any way prepared. It had not been contemplated in local or State legislative provisions that such conditions likely would arise, and, therefore, it made the problem a doubly difficult one to meet and properly to handle. But it cannot now be said, nor will its good citizens say, when a normal condition shall be restored and sanity returns to the community, that there was any justification whatever on the part of men professing to be law-abiding citizens themselves to become lawbreakers and to violate the most sacred provisions of the constitution; to preach with their mouths the sacredness of the constitution and its inviolability, and to break with their hands the most sacred provisions of this same constitution by robbing men of their liberty, by assaulting them with weapons, by degrading and humiliating them, by endeavoring to thrust patriotism down their throats by compelling them with a weapon held over their heads to kiss the American flag, to sing the American national anthem, and then to deport them.

Section 5508, U. S. Revised Statutes, provides that. "If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the constitution or laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same, they shall be fined not more than $5,000 and imprisoned not more than ten years; and shall, moreover, be thereafter ineligible to any office or place of honor, profit or trust created by the constitution or laws of the United States."

It must be evident from what thus far has been shown in this report, that every blinded member of the so-called vigilante committee who may have been roused to violate the law by the San Diego newspaper utterances, hereinbefore quoted, and by the moral support given by the San Diego commercial bodies to this so-called citizens' movement, has laid himself liable to criminal charges under Section 5508, U. S. Revised Statutes, quoted above. He has in the eyes of the law, made of himself a criminal—a far greater criminal than those whom he brands as "Anarchists," "revolutionists," "dynamiters" and "the scum of the earth."

The penalty for the crime committed by these alleged outcasts is not to exceed $100 fine or thirty days in the city jail, or by both; whereas, the crimes committed by the members of the so-called vigilante committee are punishable, not only by a fine of $5,000 and by possible imprisonment for ten years, but under the law they are declared unfit and inelligible to any office, or place of honor, profit or trust created by the constitution or laws of the United States.

The question naturally arises, therefore, who are the greater criminals; who are the real violators of the constitution; who are the real undesirables—these so-called unfortunate members of the "scum of the earth," or these presumably respectable members of society?

LEADERS OF THE MURDEROUS VIGILANTES PILLORIED

Some of the Participants in the Outrages Against Life and Liberty Perpetrated in San Diego.

J. M. Porter, of Porter & Forbes, real estate.

Walter P. Moore, Assistant Superintendent of Streets.

Francis Bierman, reporter on the San Diego *Union*.

Colonel Jack Dodge, theatrical man, slated for the management of the new Spreckles Theatre. His brother ——— Dodge is a real estate man.

Clark Braly, rancher. Owner of a large ranch close by San Diego. Suggested that the I. W. W.'s should be met at the county-line by men on horseback, armed with whips.

George Sears.

Amy Johnson. A male, despite the name.

George W. Fishburn, president of the Marine National Bank of San Diego.

Carl I. Ferris, of Ferris & Ferris, drug store.

——— Julian, a one-armed man, who drove an auto at the service of the vigilantes.

R. J. Walsh, of the firm of R. J. Walsh Real Estate Company.

——— Brodnax, of Brodnax & Neale, real estate firm.

W. Litzenberg, of the Homeland Real Estate Company.

——— Parker, a contractor.

Supervisor Fisher.

Col. Fred Jewell, retired banker.

J. F. Forward, Jr., F. J. Lea, W. F. Ludington, S. C. Payson, Dr. Chamberlain, John Burkham, George Burnham, Percy Goodwin.

All God-fearing, desirable American citizens.

THE RESPECTABLE MOB

By BEN L. REITMAN, M.D.

AFTER four years of active Anarchist propaganda, I am beginning to understand that which is difficult for every American to appreciate; namely, that there is only as much freedom in America as the authority and property interests are willing to grant. And it is very plain to me now that whenever the police permit "too much" free speech, the capitalist class will step in and take matters into its own hands. Our San Diego experience not only burned industrial unionism into my flesh, but also engraved on my heart and soul that this is a country of the master class, and that the latter controls free speech.

The San Diego mob that tried to tear us to pieces and kidnapped me was a typical respectable mob, made up of retired bankers, retired army officers, real estate men, lawyers, doctors, business men, and saloon keepers. Most of the active vigilantes own an automobile and property. To the credit of the working class it can be stated that the few workingmen who were in the mob were there at the bidding of their masters and not on their own initiative. In relating my experience I want our readers to know that that which was done to me was done in a measure to 300 other men, mostly members of the I. W. W. When the manager of the U. S. Grant Hotel, in San Diego, came to our room and said, "the Chief of Police wants to see both of you," I at once became suspicious. When Miss Goldman and the hotel manager left the office to go into another room, I was left alone with six respectable citizens. As soon as the door was closed, they drew out six cold steel revolvers, that some workingmen had made, and pointed them at me. They said, "If you utter a sound, or make a move, we'll kill you." Then they gathered around me. One man took my right arm, the other the left; a third man grabbed the front of my coat, another the back, and I was taken out into the corridor, down the elevator to the main floor of the hotel, and out into the street past a uniformed policeman, and then thrown into an automobile. When the mob saw me in the

automobile, they set up a howl of delight. The auto went slowly down the main street and was joined by another one containing seven law-abiding, respectable business men. This was about 10.30 P. M.

I wish I could describe the terror of that twenty-mile ride in the beautiful California moonlight. I was in an automobile with six men and a chauffeur, and as soon as we were out of the business district, these Christian gentlemen started cursing, kicking, and beating me. Each one seemed to vie with the other to get a blow at me. My long hair was a favorite spot for attack. They took turns at pulling it. These Christian patriots put their fingers into my eyes and nose; kicked, pounded, bit me and subjected me to every cruel, diabolical, malicious torture that a God-fearing respectable business man is capable of conceiving. Space will not permit me to make a detailed report of that ride, but there was not a second but what some new torture was inflicted upon me. In fact, so many different blows poured in on me, and impressions came so fast, that I was unable to register all of them in my mind. I must ask our readers to listen to a part of the conversation:

"Why did you come here, you damned Anarchist outlaw?"

"We telegraphed you and that woman to stay away from here."

"Don't break his nose. I promised the doctor in the other automobile that he could have this pleasure."

"Oh, we like this; it's a treat for us to get a dog like you; you are one of them editors, one of them leaders that have been sending these men here. We have been beating up those I. W. W. hobos, and now we've got you. We like to beat you."

"We could kill you and tear out your guts and no one would know who did it, but we promised the Chief of Police that we wouldn't kill you or beat up your face too much."

"Why did you come here, you dago, you ignorant foreigner? We don't want you here. This is our town. We own property here. We've got money in the bank. We are not workingmen; we are business men, doctors and lawyers, and we've got the law and

the police on our side; and even if we didn't, the business men in San Diego are able to keep out all the I. W. W. Anarchist outlaws."

"You thought we wouldn't hurt you, huh? You came here and you thought you'd get locked up and get free advertisement. But we are done locking men up. We arrested 300 of those I. W. W. outlaws and we had every jail in the county full of them, and they wouldn't work while they were in jail. They sang songs and they broke up the jail; so we ain't going to arrest anybody else; we're just going to club hell out of all who come here to take part in this free speech fight and we'll brand them."

"You won't kiss the American flag, eh? By God, we'll make you; we'll ram it down your throat. Now you ——— ——— ——— Anarchist, sing the Star Spangled Banner! No, that ain't the way. Sing it with feeling. Now, you Anarchist editor; you go back east and you tell all the I. W. W. Anarchists and Socialists and agitators how we treated you. Tell them what to expect when they come here. We own this town and we'll run it to suit ourselves, and there ain't none of your outlaws who can come here and interfere with our business. Understand?"

In the last twenty years I have traveled more than half a million miles; but that ride with the business men of San Diego on the night of May 14th, 1912, was the most excruciating in my not uneventful career. When we reached the county line, some twenty miles out of town, the two automobiles drove to a deserted spot, off the main road, and then they all got out of their machines, and put the two automobiles together, so the lights from the auto lamps made a sickly stage light. Then these fourteen brave defenders of their country formed a ring around me and commanded me to undress. They tore my clothes from me, and in a minute I stood before them naked, and the naked stars looked painfully on "how men their brothers maim."

When I read of the horrors of the Spanish inquisition I could hardly believe it was true, and when I was told about the barbaric treatment the Russian revolutionists were subjected to, I felt that these gruesome tales must be exaggerated. And so when I

relate to the readers of MOTHER EARTH the cruel and inhuman treatment I received at the hands of fourteen American citizens, who are not only business men but also loving husbands and kind fathers, many will question my statements.

At first I refused to kiss the American flag. I was knocked down and compelled to kiss the flag which I had been taught to love in my boyhood days. Once I joyfully sang, "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." Twenty-five years ago I was thrilled when I took part in a chorus which sang "Oh, the Star Spangled Banner, long may it wave." Now when I hear those songs I want to weep; to me they are hollow mockery,—covering all the sins and crimes of a cowardly nation. I was taught to loathe my native flag, not by Anarchists, or by ignorant foreigners, but by law-abiding, respectable business men.

When I lay naked on the ground, my tormentors kicked and beat me until I was almost insensible. With a lighted cigar they burned I. W. W. on my buttocks; then they poured a can of tar over my head and body, and, in the absence of feathers, they rubbed handfuls of sage brush on my body. One very gentle business man, who is active in church work, deliberately attempted to push my cane into my rectum. One unassuming banker twisted my testicles. These and many other things they did to me, until I forgot "whether I had done a great or little thing." When these business men were tired of their fun, they gave me my underwear for fear I should meet some women. These respectable citizens are very considerate of their women. They also gave me back my vest, in order that I might carry my money, railroad ticket, and watch. The rest of my clothes they stole from me in highwayman fashion. I was ordered to make a speech, and then they commanded me to run the gauntlet. The fourteen vigilantes were lined up, and as I ran past them, each one, in a businesslike manner, gave me a parting blow or kick.

My suffering was terrible, but my greatest pain was anxiety about E. G. I took it for granted that she would leave San Diego on the 2.45 A. M. train, and I attempted to walk towards the next station, hoping

to board the train which I supposed she would be on. I walked blindly, like one mad, over the hills and through the canyons, and finally when the sun came up at 5 A. M., I saw by a sign post that I was fifteen miles from the nearest railroad. At 7 A. M. I came to the village of Renando and, timidly going into a store, I bought a pair of overalls and a jumper, a large bottle of turpentine and some tar soap. Under a bridge, knee deep in a soft running stream, I began the process of removing the evidence of the business men of San Diego. Turpentine and tar soap and two hours of hard work made me half-way presentable. I called up E. G., who had reached Los Angeles by this time, and notified her that I was alive. Then I walked to Escondite very cautiously. I was afraid of the business men of California. I caught the 2.30 P. M. train and arrived at Lost Angeles at 5.30 P. M.

All this happened in the year of Our Lord 1912, in the most beautiful and best organized State in America.

Many lessons can be drawn from our San Diego experience, but none more important than this: the business men and the property owners will *fight* for their "rights." The historian who analyzes the cause of the San Diego trouble will have to record that it was property, and the fear that it may be taken from them, that roused the savagery of the San Diego vigilantes.

Another lesson is that the business mob can always depend upon the police and the press to back them up. The most active men among the vigilantes is Harvey, a detective-sergeant, and Bierman, a newspaper man on the San Diego *Union*.

Comrade Joseph Mikolasek was wantonly killed by a policeman's bullet. Michael Hoey, an I. W. man, was knocked down by a stream of water, and died soon after. An innocent child was washed out of the buggy by a hose held by the police, and killed. Nearly four hundred men have been jailed on charges varying from vagrancy to murder. Practically all those men were innocent. Three hundred men have been beaten, kidnapped, and forced to undergo Spanish Inquisition tortures. The vigilantes and police

have had a great deal of fun. None of them has been as much as slapped on the wrist. They proved to us that we were a lot of cowards, unable to protect ourselves. All that has been done in the way of retaliation has been to appeal to the government and the public for sympathy. We didn't even get that. The revolutionary movement of America has not justified its existence, at least so far as San Diego is concerned. For myself, I weep. I am ashamed that that great, big, strong giant, Labor, can be so readily bullied and beaten, and will not strike back.

A friend, whom I saw last week in San Quentin prison, asked me: "Why don't somebody do something?" I answered: "We are all cowards, I guess."

TYRANNICIDE

By Walter Savage Landor.

DANGER is not in action, but in sloth;
By sloth alone we lose
Our strength, our substance, and, far more than both,
The guerdon of the Muse.
Men kill without compunction hawk and kite;
To save the folded flock
They chase the wily plunderer of the night
O'er thicket, marsh, and rock.
Sacred no longer is Our Lord the wolf
Nor crown'd is crocodile;
And shall ye worship on the Baltick Gulph
The refuse of the Nile?
Among the myriad men of murder'd sires
Is there not one still left
Whom wrongs and vengeance urge when virtue fires?
One conscious how bereft
Of all is he . . . of country, kindred, home. . . .
He, doom'd to drag along
The dray of serfdom, or thro' lands to roam
That mock an unknown tongue?
A better faith was theirs than pulpits preach
Who struck the tyrant down,
Who taught the brave how patriot brands can reach
And crush the proudest crown.

No law for him who stands above the law,
Trampling on truth and trust;
But hangman's hook or courtier's privy paw
Shall drag him thro' the dust.
Most dear of all the Virtues to her Sire
Is Justice; and most dear
To Justice is Tyrannicide; the fire
That guides her flashes near.

THE OUTRAGE OF SAN DIEGO

FIFTY years ago a young lawyer looked out from his office window and saw a well-dressed, infuriated, mad, screaming mob, dragging a man by a rope along the streets of Boston. That man was Lloyd Garrison, and the young lawyer America's greatest orator, Wendell Phillips. So tremendous was the impression made upon Phillips by the terrible, savage sight in an American city, that he became the fiery exponent of the great human cause for which Lloyd Garrison had been assaulted by the mob on that day.

Since then we have no doubt advanced along the lines of intellectual and social endeavor. Certainly we have learned that justice and truth, for which both Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison made such a brave and gallant fight, represent great ideals, now being accepted by millions of people.

But if Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips had been in San Diego a little before 1 o'clock on the 14th of May, 1912, they would have realized that very little, if anything, has changed since their time. There was the same well-dressed, howling, hooting, and blood-thirsty mob, the only difference being that the victims were two Anarchists instead of Abolitionists. Equally so they would have realized that it is to-day as great a crime to work for the emancipation of the white slave as it was to work for the cause of the black slave fifty years ago.

On my previous trips to California I never failed to speak in San Diego, and I have never been disturbed. This time I had a double reason for visiting that city.

First, to lecture; and, secondly, to learn for myself of the outrages which had been committed against the I. W. W. men during the last three months. Dr. Reitman and I could have slipped in quietly, but we had nothing to hide. Besides, we wanted to give the authorities a chance to make good their claim that they were not in league with the savagery and cruelties committed by the so-called patriotic citizens of San Diego.

We wrote the Mayor, notifying him of the time and the place of the lectures, and asking him to keep his subordinates from suppressing the right of free speech. In reply we heard from Chief of Police Wilson, ordering us to stay away from San Diego. As we could not possibly recognize the high-handed authority of this uniformed cossack, we determined to carry out our schedule as originally planned.

On arriving in the city we saw a large crowd, but paid no further attention to it, quietly passing to the auto-bus of the U. S. Grant Hotel. Then the mob outbreak began, the moment our presence became known. I shall not attempt to describe the language, the madness, the atrocities that raged around us. It seemed as if the entire city had turned into an insane asylum.

But for the pluck of the chauffeur, we would have been mobbed there and then. He raced at wild speed, with several cars full of vigilantes in made pursuit, screaming, yelling, and cursing the chauffeur. Finally we reached the U. S. Grant Hotel, in our company being Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kirk. Mr. Kirk, though under indictment himself, showed wonderful bravery in meeting us at the depot—an act which was certainly as heroic as that of Wendell Phillips, who rushed out to the rescue of Lloyd Garrison.

No objection was made at the hotel. We were assigned to our rooms and, after some rest, we went down to the grill-room for our luncheon. Everything seemed quiet, when about 4 P. M. the head clerk announced that he would have to transfer us to other rooms, as the vigilantes had gotten hold of the registry and were determined to get us out of the hotel. Later the manager himself, Mr. Holmes, arrived, as-

suring us that we were perfectly safe under his roof, but that he could not permit us to go down to the lobby or restaurant, or anywhere in the hotel, which meant nothing less than incarceration. Again we waited for some time to map out a plan of action, but at 7.30 P. M. the horror of our reception was repeated, only in a more hideous manner.

Five thousand people, preceded by a hundred autos, with fashionably-dressed women and men as their occupants, with American flags, their riot-whistles creating a deafening noise, surrounded the hotel. Five hundred of these maniacs, led by a good Christian and American patriot, Francis Bierman, reporter on the San Diego *Union*, entered the hotel lobby, unfurled the American flag, compelled everybody to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" as an inspiration for their heroic work, then walked up to Manager Holmes and demanded: "Turn over the two damned Anarchists to us, or we will take you." Mr. Holmes replied that he couldn't do that. That it was the custom of the hotel to protect its guests; but that if they would quiet down, he would see Miss Goldman and induce her to leave the city. Thereupon the committee said they would wait, but would return, reinforced, raid the hotel, drag every guest out of the rooms until they would locate us. If they should fail in that, Mr. Holmes would have to pay for it with his life.

About 10 o'clock Mr. Holmes came to us and told us that he could no longer guarantee our safety, but that if we would leave he would give us protection. That we refused to do. Equally so, to act upon his suggestion to ask the Chief of Police for protection. We said that when we decided to go, we would leave as we had arrived—openly and without the support of the authorities. While we were discussing the matter, we were interrupted by violent knocks on the door, and a man (whom we took for a detective, but who afterwards proved to be a vigilante) stepped in and informed Mr. Holmes that the Chief of Police, with other men from the department, were at Mr. Holmes' office and demanded to see us.

Strange to say, Reitman showed greater intuition than myself, immediately suspecting foul play. He

said that the Chief should come to us, but to avoid argument I suggested that we go down to the office of Mr. Holmes. There we found six men; one, a certain J. M. Porter, I recognized as the leading vigilante of the afternoon mob, and also the one who threatened E. E. Kirk's life in my presence in the hotel lobby. We were then informed that the Chief was in the next room and would see me first. Even then I did not suspect the conspiracy to which the police and even Mr. Holmes himself had lent a willing hand. How could I? We were not in Russia. We were in San Diego, in an American city, in the leading hotel of the town, at 10 o'clock in the evening. How could I for a moment suspect that human beings would be so bestial and degenerate as to commit a thing which would put to shame even Russia?

My conversation with the Chief of Police, his assistant, the head of detectives, and some other officers lasted but a few minutes. They offered their protection, which I refused, telling the Chief that all he had to do was to invoke the ordinance which has made it a felony to gather in the business districts of the city and for which three hundred I. W. W. men had been beaten, clubbed, arrested, and subjected to every cruelty and indignation imaginable. But the Chief replied that he couldn't do that, because the mob had outgrown his power. I then suggested that he resign, as he declared himself unfit to be a protector of so-called law and order. I asked him to let me speak to the mob from the window, as the office was on the first floor. I have faced mobs before in my life and have invariably succeeded in soothing them. But even that he wouldn't do, and so the conversation came to an end, the Chief giving me the cheerful assurance that he would turn me over to the mob the following morning. I replied that if I had to die, I was just as willing to die at the hands of the mob as at the hands of the police.

I immediately went to the room where I had left the Doctor. I found it locked, and then I suddenly realized the whole contemptible conspiracy. I demanded that the door be opened, and of course there was no Ben Reitman. I turned to the Chief of Police

and told him that if any serious injury should come to Reitman, or if he should lose his life, I would hold the Chief responsible for it; and, furthermore, that I would come to San Diego and take his miserable life; nor would I run away, as I am always ready to stand the consequences for anything I say or do. The brave Chief grew pale and said, "Why, we had nothing to do with it. You know yourself, we were in the next room." Which only added to his cowardice, as the whole wretched business was carried out with the consent and connivance of the police department.

For four hours I paced the floor of my room in agony, not knowing what had become of Ben Reitman, and knowing still less what to do, because I could not communicate with our friends in San Diego, as that would have meant turning them over to the police. At 2 A. M., May 15th, the house detective and another man came to the room. Nature does create some freaks. The man with the house detective had a most wonderful face, kind, tender, and human, but he introduced himself as a detective. He reminded me of a beautiful woman with a rotten soul. He said that he would not lie in telling me that he came from Ben Reitman, but that he was given absolute assurance on the part of some authoritative people that no harm had come to him, although he had been taken out of town and was now on his way to Los Angeles. I then called up Mrs. Estelle Kirk, giving the name of the detective, whom she evidently knew, as she told me that he was the only decent man in the entire department; that therefore it might be possible that he was telling the truth. But I did not feel inclined to believe, as I never yet have found a detective who can tell the truth. But the manager of the hotel begged and pleaded with me to leave. He said that he had sheltered us as long as he could; that he didn't ask us to come in the first place; that we were taking undue advantage of him; and that we were ruining the hotel and jeopardizing his life—all of which was true. I felt I had no right to drive the man into a still more desperate position, and therefore I decided to leave on the 2.45 train for Los Angeles. I ordered a taxi. On the way to the depot I could see nothing

of a suspicious character. The streets were deserted, and San Diego had returned to its normal sleepy state.

I was just about to enter the car when six automobiles with the same maniacs—patriotic citizens—whisked up to the station, and then I felt myself bodily lifted up by the trainmen, pushed into the car, and the door locked. The train did not pull out for another eight minutes, the most terrible, the most hideous eight minutes of my life. There were the good Christian, law-abiding, respectable citizens, and the howl they raised, the language they used, the efforts they made to break into the train, are beyond description, beyond anything that the most depraved human beings could be capable of. After a seemingly endless trip, in the desperate hope that Reitman would join me at some of the stations, I finally landed in Los Angeles, only to find that he had not arrived. Later I learned of the horrible things that happened to him, the details of which our readers will find in his own article.

I have, of course, been interfered with on previous occasions in a number of American cities. Free speech in this country depends entirely on the whims and arbitrary will of ignorant police officials. But it was left to San Diego, a town which Nature herself has intended man to be happy and peaceful in, to suppress the right of free speech and assemblage and to outrage every vestige of personal liberty in a manner which would have put to shame the Spanish Inquisition. It was left to citizens who swear by law and order to break not only their own written laws, but every principle of decency and humanity.

Ostensibly the organization now known as the I. W. W. is responsible for the excitement and the bloodthirsty attitude of the people of San Diego. But after all, that is the indictment made against every organization and idea which the popular mind has not yet accepted. But whether the I. W. W. be right or wrong, they cannot possibly be so wrong as the people of San Diego who are brutally suppressing the right of free expression and who are committing acts of violence and outrage which would put every one of them, including the entire police department, into

the penitenitary for life, if the judiciary of that city were not as cowardly and craven as its citizens.

Men and women who are not ready to listen to contrary opinion on any given subject, thereby condemn themselves to the grossest ignorance and the most outrageous tyranny. If what the I. W. W., or any other undesirable, have to say is wrong, it will die of itself a much quicker death than if these people are beaten, clubbed, tarred, and driven out like wild beasts. Nor can anything I stand for be killed by mob-butchery or by police violence. The issue of Free Speech is one of the most vital and fundamental in America, and the very moment any given section of the country undertakes to suppress freedom of expression, it at the same time undermines every principle of liberty and condemns itself to death.

Fortunately for Reitman, he had money and his return ticket to Los Angeles. He could at least help himself somewhat after the terrible experience. But what about the hundreds of men, without friends or money, who were subjected to the same terrible outrage, except that their bodies were not burned or tarred? I understand that the Savior of the Christian people said, "Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these my children, ye do unto me." And yet the people who call themselves Christians and worship the memory of Christ, continue in a brutal, savage manner to outrage life, to beat and club men, to drive them out of town, to leave them penniless and without food on the deserts of California.

Verily, man's power of endurance is a very elastic thing, or the vigilantes would have long ere this been given a dose of their own medicine.

However, it has been said that if there is one innocent man in a city, that city will be saved. And there is such a man in San Diego—Mr. George Edwards, who is at the head of the Music Institute. At the critical moment, when even the bravest people lost their courage, this man, who had never before seen or heard me, offered me his hall for a lecture. I felt, however, that to accept Mr. Edwards' kindness and hospitality would have meant to endanger his life, which I certainly could not do. But it was his spirit

of kindliness and the great friendship shown by the Kirks that gave the only spark of life and warmth in that benighted, maddened town, San Diego.

Life under our present system is not so great a thing that he who has an ideal and loves liberty should not be willing to part with it. But life in San Diego is worse than death. I cannot believe that the number of intelligent people in the United States is so small that they could not bring moral pressure upon that city to stop its atrocities. It was the intelligent minority which forced the Southern planter to stop his murderous treatment of the black man. Surely the same can be done to-day. It is with that in view that this article is written, and not in complaint of anything we have endured. It is also because I feel that the crimes, the savagery, and the unspeakable cruelties perpetrated by the San Diego thugs, with the connivance of the police and the support of the San Diego *Union* and *Tribune,* must be brought to an end. Crime begets crime, and violence inevitably gives birth to violence. If San Diego is justified in violence, why not its victims? To avoid both, I appeal to all fair-minded and liberty-loving people throughout the country to join in a determined campaign against San Diego and its horrors.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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A PROTEST AND A WARNING

EDITORIAL silence of the New York press regarding the San Diego outrages, and the attitude of direct encouragement on the part of some newspapers, caused the undersigned to send the following letter to the press:

The Anarchists of America have for years been propagating in a peaceful manner their ideas for the regeneration of society. On numerous occasions the authorities of the various cities have subjected them to persecution and suppressed their rights of free speech. Nevertheless, in spite of all the violence toward them, the Anarchists did not reply in kind. On the contrary, they constantly emphasized the peaceful methods of their propaganda.

But violence begets violence. Terror from above breeds terror below.

The authorities in different parts of the country have recently inaugurated a régime of terroristic oppression against every opponent of existing conditions. Peaceful assemblies have been summarily suppressed, and the right of free speech abrogated by force of physical violence. The scene of the most brutal persecution is at present San Diego, Cal. Every vestige of free speech has been entirely suppressed there, and inoffensive men and women subjected to treatment recalling the pogroms in Russia. Irresponsible bands of Black Hundreds, known as vigilantes, are carrying on a reign of terror with the approval of the local authorities and apparently with the financial aid of the "respectable and law-abiding" element of the city. If the public sentiment of the country and the passive attitude of the press continue to encourage these outrages, we feel that the Anarchists and other social rebels will be forced, as a matter of self-defense, to answer violence with violence.

Not because they wish it, but because driven by utmost necessity.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
HIPPOLYTE HAVEL,
H. KELLY.

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A TRIBUTE TO MIKOLASEK, MURDERED IN SAN DIEGO

MIKOLASEK, child of the people, you left your native soil, the wild primitive planes of Bohemia, in the fervent hope that the new land may quench the thirst of your liberty-longing soul! But what your yearning gaze beheld was naught but rocks and stones, as cold as the hearts of the people whom you met.

You did not despair, Mikolasek, you took your place among your people, and gave them of yourself, of the wealth your nature contained.

Golden California, with all her treacherous beauty,

lured you, Mikolasek, and you followed her, like many another brave soul, in search of Freedom's land. Again you found yourself deceived, child of the people, again you found the same brutal hand of gold crushing life, killing, devastating precious life.

You rebelled. Yours was a sensitive, deeply loving, and turbulent soul. Though starving and homeless yourself, you could not see the people suffer; you could not endure and submit in silence. Then came the call of San Diego, the desperate call of your outraged brothers; and, as was your wont, you responded bravely, heroically. You took your place, you stood the brunt, all for the love of a great truth. Naught could stay your devotion and zeal.

Then they killed you, Mikolasek, in cold blood they murdered you, piercing your body with fourteen bullets. The craven cowards, they did so in the hope that they would also kill the thing you loved with all the passion of your great heart. The thing for which you had often staked your young life, the wondrous thing that you had chosen as your goal,—Anarchy, the most reviled and hated truth.

They killed you, Mikolasek, but out of your wounds rose your mighty spirit that is now dreaded by your murderers far more than you could have hoped for while you lived. They see it everywhere, your spirit, Mikolasek, and evil doers that they are, they feel frightened. Mikolasek, child of the people, your hangmen refused you even as much as man gives to his dog, a last resting place. And justly so: with the weight of your dead body upon their souls, they might never again know the joy of life. Therefore they drove you hence, in life as in death.

Thus you returned to the fold of your people. Lo, how they received you, Mikolasek! No king or ruler ever lived who might hope for the same devotion, the same reverence, the same honors that were given you, Mikolask, by your people.

Two thousand of your brothers gazed upon your silent, yet powerfully speaking, face. Equally as many accompanied you in deep reverence to your last resting place.

They showered flowers over your poor, defiled body;

they sang the songs that never failed to stir your heroic heart, and they vowed to continue the struggle for truth and justice, for which you and many others have paid the price.

Mikolasek, child of the people, you have been returned to the cosmic forces of the universe, but more so you have been returned to the fold of your birth, an inspiration, a beacon light for those who will follow in your path, who will keep your banner high, who will maintain, even unto death, the struggle for your ideal,—Anarchy, the harbinger of truth, the great leaven for human brotherhood.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE POWER OF THE IDEAL

By E. G.

> And this shall be the strangest: far off from the bursting sands where, to other men, there is only the desert's waste, he shall see a blue sea! On that sea the sun shines always, and the water is blue as burning amethyst, and the foam is white on the shore. A great land rises from it, and he shall see upon the mountain-tops burning gold.—OLIVE SCHREINER, in "A Dream of Wild Bees."

IT WAS in 1897 that I saw for the first time a great land rise before me, like burning gold upon the mountain-top,—California! And ever since I have thought that the great change in American life will come from there. The fascination of California has continued all these years, and always in moments of despair and disillusionment, I see the great land rise out of the blue sea, and upon its mountain-top the glow of burning gold.

Within the last two years California bids fair to make good her rich promise. The Mexican Revolution continues to surcharge the air along the border line, holding the California people in a spell of awe before the wonderful struggle of the peons and Yaqui Indians, who, without much support from the outside world, have been demonstrating what love of the soil and liberty can accomplish.

It is also California that gave the American labor

movement a new direction. And though it ended in a seeming defeat, with the usual toll of human flesh, yet the sacrifice was not in vain. The privileged class has learned, as never before in the history of America, that labor also knows how to strike a telling blow.

Now California is again a volcano, the San Diego free speech struggle once more proving the farce and mockery of American liberty and justice. Thus California is ever the land rising out of the sea, with the white foam on its shore, and the burning gold on its mountain-tops.

Our first stop was LOS ANGELES, with its usual warm, generous comradeship. Our meetings, though very good, were to some extent impaired by the noisy and silly masquerading of the Shriners. Naturally, San Diego furnished the most important topic, as well as serving as a means to enlist the moral and material aid of all liberty-loving people. It was also that which brought together most of the radical forces, that hitherto had kept away from Anarchist lectures and gatherings.

The most inspiring event in Los Angeles was the cremation of our murdered Comrade, Joseph Mikolasek. Evidently the authorities of San Diego feared the dead Mikolasek more than the living, because they would not let him be buried in that town. But these good Christians do not know the power of the Ideal, nor the difficulties it can overcome.

Our martyred Comrade was brought to Los Angeles and tendered a last farewell, such as neither wealth nor power could have purchased. At least two thousand workers passed through the I. W. W. Hall, where our murdered Comrade lay in state, in a bower of flowers, to pay their tribute to him who had died for the ideal of human brotherhood. After a short, simple address, which I had been chosen to make, the body of Mikolasek was borne to the crematory, followed by a great multitude of men and women, who walked all the way. Ben Reitman, imperturbed and serene, carried the red banner, accompanied by numerous transparencies bearing the following inscriptions:

"The Defenders of Liberty are jailed and murdered. The vigilantes still go free."

"With the suppression of Free Speech our liberties are gone."
"Our fellow worker who was murdered in the fight for Free Speech in San Diego."
"He had nothing to give but his life. That he gave freely."
"Our silence in the grave will be more powerful than the voice you strangle to-day."

So tremendous was Labor's tribute to its martyred son, that even the enemy was impressed, the police actually clearing the way for the dead Mikolasek and his comrades. At the crematory Ben Reitman and others spoke, and the whole assembly sang the International and other stirring songs of the proletariat.

Nor were the living forgotten that day. On the return from the demonstration, two hundred of our brave boys, victims of the vigilantes, were given a feast of love. Never did a more solidaric and truly communistic gathering take place. Money, labor, and service were all freely contributed, and so was the appetite of the diners who had not seen much food since they were driven out of that hospitable southern town. Good fellowship and harmony marked the day, and all felt as if this infernal world of ours had been sunk into the sea. If only the Otises and the Spreckleses could have seen the gathering at the I. W. W. Hall, possibly their coarse brains and dead hearts might have gotten a glimpse of a new world, a new life, a new human relationship. Possibly!

One other event was enacted during our stay in Los Angeles,—the wonderful protest meeting after our return from the hell of San Diego. Two large halls were filled with indignant men and women, and thousands were sent away, although the two meetings were arranged in but twenty-four hours. The speakers, Anton Johansen, brave and bubbling with the spirit of life; Dr. Pandit, of Oriental culture and depth of feeling; C. T. Sprading, the passive direct actionist; McKilvey, Secretary of the I. W. W.; Ben Reitman, worn with torture, the letters I. W. W. burned on his back and Anarchism burned into his heart; and myself, —all spoke twice on that day, but with the enthusiasm and indignation flowing in our blood, we could have addressed many more audiences.

The social fellow-feeling during our stay in Los Angeles was a most wonderful manifestation, the comrades doing their utmost to make us forget our terrible experience in San Diego, and to show their appreciation of our efforts. That and the dance arranged to aid in the Free Speech fight, made us vividly realize the power, the great knitting force, of the Ideal.

Comrade C. T. Sprading and sweet Ada Sprading acted as the vanguard in preparing the meetings, as well as our hosts. Comrades Pandit, Freedman, Ellsworth, Kaufman, Cravello, Joe Edelsohn, and Jack Whyte, one of the ablest of the San Diego I. W. W., aided in the hard work and helped to make the meetings a success; our friends Stringer and Evans ministered to Ben's bruised body and to our tired spirits, and faithful Comrade Victor and Dr. Price showered flowers upon our path.

SAN FRANCISCO was equally eventful. It began with an official and public reception on the part of the Mayor, plain clothes men, reporters and cameras, all ready at the station to greet us. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of our friend Rebekah Raney, we were spared the honors and quickly driven to the hotel. There began a perfect orgy of work, meetings every night, drama classes every day, and no end of publicity work to make the vigilantes known in all their horrible savagery. And last, but not least, social affairs which our kind friends and comrades had arranged.

The soil had been thoroughly prepared by our own "Mickie," Kassel, Balinsky, Briesen, Morton, Rebekah Raney, and her chum Gladys. Added to that came the San Diego atrocities, which not only advertised our meetings extensively, but also added much color to our San Francisco stay.

The lecture on "Socialism Caught in the Political Trap" proved most interesting, inasmuch as it emphasized the tremendous insurgency in the Socialist party ranks. What a pity we lack a Tom Mann in America, to gather up the forces that are sick to their very souls with the opportunistic compromises of the party? The soil has never been more ripe, the material never more ready for a real revolutionary Syndical-

ist movement. But it will come; it must come. Indeed, it is in the very making. Meanwhile, Socialism is indeed caught in the political trap, and is doing its utmost to hasten the day.

The climax in San Francisco took place at the Trades Council Hall, Sunday, May 26th. Over a thousand workers gathered to protest against the twentieth century inquisition in San Diego. Anton Johansen spoke, urging a boycott against the San Diego fair, until its citizens will be cured from their rabies. Ben Reitman related in a simple manner the gruesome story of the night of May 14th, and I told my own experience, also delivering the "treasonable" lecture prohibited in San Diego, on "the Enemy of the People." The meeting was wonderfully stimulating and inspiring. The evening closed our very eventful and rich visit to San Francisco, bringing both mirth and pathos into the lecture on "Woman's Inhumanity to Man."

Needless to say, the agitation against the atrocities in the southern city will not end with our meetings in San Francisco. Already a regular campaign has been started, which is to be kept up until the backbone of the vigilante gang is broken. Sunday, June 9th, has been set for a monster meeting at Dreamland Rink, with Mrs. Fremont Older and other well-known speakers of San Francisco, who feel the shame of California too deeply to submit supinely to the horrors perpetrated in one of its cities.

Much credit for stimulating interest in the San Diego situation, as well as for a good deal of the success of our meetings, is due to a large extent to Mr. Fremont Older of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. He is perhaps the one man on a capitalist sheet brave enough to plead the cause of labor and human freedom. It was he who, at the risk of his position and against the will of the owner of the paper and of many of his conservative friends, made a valiant fight in behalf of the McNamaras. And it is Mr. Older again who is fearless and defiant in the San Diego free speech fight. It was also the *Bulletin* that published the report of H. Weinstock, the commissioner sent by the Governor of the State to investigate the San Diego situation,—a report so powerful in its condemnation of the things

done in that city that, if there were even a single shred of justice, the vigilantes and the police would now be in San Quentin.

He is most free who stands alone; but it is a very lonely and difficult position, which few can endure. Mr. Older stands almost alone in his brave defence of the workers. Fortunately for him, Mrs. Older is herself a courageous fighter, giving much of her time to the I. W. W. agitation and to the emancipation of her own sex, which needs it very much. Also, Mr. Older has some very able and fair-minded co-workers on the *Bulletin* in Mr. John D. Barry, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. West, and others. I should wish for Mr. Older independent means to own a paper like the *Bulletin,* if I did not know that property is theft and wealth corrupting.

A few there are in San Francisco who embody all that one hopes for the future man—strength, beauty, and tenderness. Some day I may speak of them; for the present I can only state that they illumined our horizon and filled our visit with much joy and good-fellowship. Yet more than that: they proved a real inspiration, because it is their zeal and devotion which is helping to prepare San Francisco for the great things to come from there.

Apropos of the drama class. As in Denver, it aroused much interest on the part of teachers and educators, all being impressed with the necessity of just such a medium for social awakening. The parting was hard, but somewhat relieved by the knowledge that Mr. John D. Barry will continue the class. Thus the time and effort will not have been wasted.

Of course, there was the usual Anarchist social and dance, which gave all a chance to make merry, and helped to raise funds for San Diego. After that, Palo Alto was invaded, an afternoon gathering for the "intellectuals" who "came to scoff and left to pray." In the evening a meeting arranged by the Socialist Industrial Union, and finally a pleasant reunion with our splendid Comrade Nielsen and family. Then back to the Golden Gate City on a most beautiful moonlight night, and the San Francisco "orgy" was over.

SACRAMENTO, the dull capital of California, was very

dull indeed, but we were glad to be there, if only to see once more our veteran Comrade, Dr. George Pyburn, who, though feeble in body, is still remarkably alert in mind. His daughter Fanny and our faithful Comrade Marietta, made us forget the dullness and indifference of the town.

How wonderful the contrast between the patriotically drunken mob of San Diego and the fine comradeship in Los Angeles, the beautiful friendship, devotion, and intense interest in San Francisco. How very wonderful! And yet not so very, with the vision of the Ideal beckoning to the heights. It alone can perform the wonders, because it is the Power of the Ideal that gives one strength and faith and hope.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

P. S.—Till June 20th, we can be reached, General Delivery, Seattle, Wash. After that, until June 27th, General Delivery, Denver, Colorado.

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RECEIPTS—LOS ANGELES.

Collections at E. G. meetings	$165.00
Collection for cremation of Comrade Mikolasek	60.00
Proceeds, Anarchist Social	60.50
Collection at banquet	20.00
Total	$314.50

DISBURSEMENTS.

To San Diego Free Speech League	$55.00
To McKilvey, Sec'y Los Angeles I. W. W., for free speech fight	30.25
Expenses funeral and cremation	69.00
Expenses Walker Theatre, Lincoln Hall, and printing (protest mass meeting)	93.25
Expenses San Diego and publicity	47.00
Banquet	20.00
Total	$314.50

RECEIPTS—SAN FRANCISCO.

Collections at E. G. meetings	$154.00
Proceeds Anarchist Social	43.00
Total	$197.00

DISBURSEMENTS.

To San Diego	$100.00	
To McKilvey	87.00	
To Jack White, at request of F. S. L.	20.00	
Total	$207.00	
Due E. G.	10.00	
Collection E. G. meeting, at Palo Alto, forwarded to San Diego by the Industr. S. P.		$12.80
Collection for Ragpicker Strike, San Fr., turned over to committee		37.00

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH WORKMEN

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

You know already, from the press, about the horrible massacre of workingmen in Russia, which took place at one of the mines of the Lena Goldfields, on April 13th last, and the result of which was 163 men killed and over 150 men wounded.

We have now the details of this quite unprovoked, horrible slaughter of a peaceful crowd of unarmed workmen. The daily press, all over Russia, has published them in full. Even the ultra-conservative paper, *Novoye Vremya*, which is always siding with the government, openly blames it this time. In the subservient Duma, four different parties—the Octobrist-Centre, the Constitutional-Democrats, the Social-Democrats, and one fraction of the Right, the Nationalists—have addressed an interpellation to the Ministry about this affair; and one of the two ministers who spoke on this occasion, the Minister of Trade and Industry, M. Timasheff, recognized that the fault of the bloody conflict, so far as his information goes, does not lie with the workers.

In fact, from all the data at hand, it appears that the shooting in the Lena Goldfields was an exact repetition of what happened at St. Petersburg during the Bloody Sunday, on January 22d, 1905.

The Lena Goldfields—the richest in Russia, as they yield every year about 36,000 lbs. of gold—are situated amidst a most arid region covered with mountains,

6,000 and 7,000 feet high, under the 60th degree of latitude, between the Lena and its tributary, the Vitim. I know well these dreary mountain tracts, intersected by impenetrable gorges, and covered with thin larch forests and immense boulders, as I explored them in 1867. With the exception of a few spots at the Goldfields, they are absolutely desert, the nearest inhabited spot being a landing-place on the Vitim, connected with the gold mines by a railway, 165 miles long.

The nearest "town," Kirensk, with its 2,000 inhabitants, is 1,000 miles away. When I visited the Lena Gold Mines, forty-five years ago, they belonged to private owners; but now, after much booming in the London papers, a Company has been floated to exploit them, 75 per cent. of the shares being owned by British capitalists. The head director of the Company is, however, a Russian, M. Timiriàzeff, an ex-deputy-Minister of Finance.

The nearly 10,000 workmen of these Goldfields were treated in the most cavalier fashion, the managers ignoring both the conditions of their agreements with the workmen, and the conditions about lodgings and sanitary measures imposed, in Russia, upon the employers of labor, by the law of June, 1903. The result was, that a strike broke out on March 13th last.

The demands of the workers offered nothing extravagant. They demanded: (1) The abolition of the truck system, the workmen having hitherto been paid with checks that were acceptable in the stores and shops of the Company, and this system being explicitly forbidden by the Russian law; (2) The improvement of the organization of medical aid; (3) The recognition by the Company of a Committee of Workmen, which would control the measurement of the number of cubic feet handled by the men; and also have a voice in the cases of dismissal of individual workmen; (4) An increase of from 10 to 30 per cent. of the wages; and (5) The eight hours' day, instead of the ten hours' day, which is in force at the mines.

Some of these claims were so reasonable that already in January last, the Minister of Trade and Industry had received a complaint from the Govern-

ment Board of the Mines of Siberia against the illegal treatment of the workmen by the Lena Company. The representations made to the Company by the Mining Board were, however, ignored, as we now learn from the reply given by the Minister of Commerce and Industry to the interpellation in the Duma. As to the increase of wages, it must be said that the average wages were from 3 to 4 shillings a day, while the cost of living in this Siberian Klondyke is high, as everyone will understand. The conditions of labor are still as I saw them forty-five years ago. The miner stands, with his feet—sometimes almost up to the knees—in water, the temperature of which is that of freezing point, as it results from the thawing of the frozen soil. It is very rare to find men who are not incapacitated through rheumatism after two or three years of such work. Scurvy is epidemic. I pass over some abominable details concerning the dwellings of the workmen in the Company's barracks.

For a whole month the strike was running quite peacefully. There were a number of blacklegs working in the mines, but they were not interfered with by the strikers. More than that: the strikers themselves took care of the horses and of the water-pumping machinery, in order to prevent the flooding of the mines. They also had their own patrols to look after the safety of the works.

On the other side, the Company, having obtained from the local Justice of Peace an order against a number of strikers, evicted them from the lodgings they occupied in the Company's barracks. To execute this order was, however, materially impossible, the whole region being buried in snow, and the nearest town being a thousand miles away; so that the Governor of Irkutsk had to stop it by cancelling the order.

Altogether, since the beginning of the strike, the Strike Committee had enjoyed the confidence of the administration of the mines, and very probably the strike would have soon ended in a compromise, when orders were sent from St. Petersburg to put at once an end to it.

I do not know whether there is any truth in the rumors reported by some Russian papers about a

"bear" speculation on the stock exchange, in connection with the strike; but the fact is, that the order that came from St. Petersburg was to bring things to a climax.

A Captain of the Gendarmes, Treschenko, accompanied by the Public Prosecutor and a Mining Engineer, Tulchinsky, were sent for that purpose from Irkutsk, and the first act of these messengers of war was to arrest the Strike Committee. This was done on April 2d. Thereupon a crowd of 3,000 men went to the prison where the Strike-Committee were incarcerated, to obtain their release; three hundred and forty soldiers, under the orders of the Gendarmes' Captain, stood there ready, under arms, and without the slightest provocation from the crowd, the troops were ordered by the said Captain to fire. They killed on the spot one hundred and thirteen persons, and wounded more than one hundred and fifty. Forty out of the latter died the same day.

All testimonies which I have before me, and not one of which was contested by the Minister of Interior in his speech before the Duma, show that there was not the slightest attack made upon the soldiers—none of them received even a scratch. On the contrary, the men in the front rows of the crowd were peacefully parleying with the mining engineer, Tulchinsky. He was quite in sympathy with the strikers and fully confirms their peaceful attitude. He himself escaped death only because several strikers standing in front of him were killed, and they all fell on the ground in a heap. Two more volleys were fired, one into the heap, and another into those who fled after the first volley.

As to the hero of this slaughter, the Gendarmes Captain, it appears now that he belongs exactly to that class of men who are the favorites of the present rulers of Russia. In the years 1906-1907, Treschenko, then a subaltern police officer at Nijny-Novgorod, won his palms by sending no less than eighty workmen of the industrial centres of that province to be hanged by the Courts Martial. Now he reappears in the Lena Goldfields, with a higher grade and with rights of life and death over hundreds of men. And when the Minister of Interior was interrogated in the Duma

on the doings of that man, his reply was:—"Workmen have been shot before on similar occasions, and *they will continue to be shot.*"

Comrades and Friends,—This slaughter of your brothers in Russia is not an isolated case. It only surpasses the others by the number of victims. Terrorizing the workmen by periodical massacres is part of the present methods of the government of Russia. "Slaughtered they have been—slaughtered they will be," is our rulers' reply to the revolted conscience of the country.

In the name of the solidarity of Labor all over the world, I appeal to you. Brand these murderers in the face. And whenever you are asked to give them your support, be it only by giving them some portion of your work,—remember that every one of the present rulers of Russia has traces of the blood of the Russian people on his hands.

All over Russia and Siberia, the workmen, under the menace of imprisonment and exile, are making now twenty-four hours' and two days' strikes, to protest against the Lena massacre. They protest, they fight against all odds. Any word, any token of sympathy, coming from you, will show them that all over the world the toilers are one family; that they are inspired by one common feeling towards those for whom the slaughter of two hundred workmen counts for nothing in their race for power and wealth.

Yours fraternally,

May 5, 1912. PETER KROPOTKIN.

REACTION AND REPRESSION IN ENGLAND

ON May 20th, our beloved Comrade Enrico Malatesta was charged before a London court with "criminally libeling" a well-known spy of the Italian government. The British judge felt his sympathies so powerfully moved in behalf of the spy and his bread-givers, the brigand government in Rome, that he doomed our comrade to three months' prison. Not content with having thus saved the "honor" of the spy and salved his injured sensibilities, the judge further recommended the deportation of Malatesta after the expiration of this sentence. Thus British

justice again demonstrated the international solidarity of governmental reaction.

But our British comrades have not remained idle. In the third issue of *The Anarchist*—the new English weekly*—is published an appeal in the case of Malatesta, which clearly proves that our English friends have no intention of permitting the triumph of reaction without a determined fight. We quote from the appeal:

"At the time of going to press our information on the Malatesta case was very scanty. Later news, however, causes some fear that the threat of deportation may be carried out, unless active protest is made. There can be no doubt that the prosecution and imprisonment of our comrade are part of a big scheme of repression which must be stopped. Should Malatesta be deported it will be to the lasting shame, not only of the government, but of the Anarchist movement in this country which allows it. He is one of the bravest, truest, and best-loved comrades; of him Kropotkin wrote: "And when we meet him again, released from a prison or escaped from an island, we find him just as we saw him last; always renewing the struggle, with the same love of men, the same absence of hatred toward his adversaries and jailers, the same hearty smile for a friend, the same caress for a child.

The Anarchists of Britain have for a long time been content peacefully to spread their ideas, but if our methods of the past mean that the cowardly authorities are to imprison and hand over to hostile governments our bravest and dearest friends, then we must change our tactics. If need be, we will, and our government shall know that the comradeship and solidarity of the Anarchist movement are something more than mere phrases.

If they desire this sort of war on us, we can fight!

Friends of freedom! Anarchists! Comrades all! Our Comrade Malatesta has given his whole life and all its chances for the cause we love.

He shall not suffer deportation for it.

Protest in every town, and see that your protests are effectual."

---

* Address: 74 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, England.

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